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Dr. Julius Rietz

In Julius Rietz, whose death we record in another column of our present issue, the art of music has lost one of its most distinguished veteran disciples, and classical music in particular one of its most devoted champions. Hearing of this event, we feel that one more link has been severed which still connected us with a great epoch in the history of the art. For it was Rietz who had inherited and faithfully carried on the traditions of both Mendelssohn and Weber in the practical sphere of their activity. In the course of his long career as composer and practical musician he had alternately occupied the position of orchestral leader formerly held by the two great masters, and none could have been found more qualified to perpetuate the influence they had exercised in that capacity. Julius Rietz was born at Berlin on the 28th of December, 1812. Having received a sound musical education from some of the first masters of the Prussian capital, he was able, at the early age of sixteen, to enter the orchestra of the Königstädtische Theater as a violoncello-player. His exceptional talents having attracted the attention of Mendelssohn, then Musikdirector at Düsseldorf, the latter took the young musician under his special protection, and in 1836 Rietz, then only twenty-five years of age, succeeded him in his official capacity at the Rhenish town. In this position he remained eleven years, during which time he so matured his natural qualifications for the office to which he had been appointed that, upon the death of his faithful friend Mendelssohn in 1847, he was at once recognized as the only worthy successor of the great composer as musical director and conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig. He accepted this honorable post, continuing in it for a number of years, during which his sterling qualities of composer, conductor, critical author, and teacher became universally acknowledged. Subsequently, in 1860, Rietz followed a call to Dresden, where he was nominated First Capellmeister of the Royal Opera in place of Reissiger, the immediate successor of C. M. von Weber, a position which he occupied up to the time of his death. His numerous compositions, among which are two operas, several symphonies, overtures, and concert pieces, are characterized less by vigorous originality than by a classical refinement of taste, and true musicianlike workmanship, and will—especially his excellent quartets for male voices—always be heard with pleasure. But his chief strength lay in his personality as conductor and teacher, and in the enthusiasm he created around him for all that is good and beautiful in the art he represented. Nor will the valuable services be ever forgotten which he rendered in the critical revision of the standard editions of the works of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, as well as of the Mozart edition now being issued by the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel at Leipzig. Julius Rietz intended to retire from his official position on the 1st of this month, but he was seized by a stroke of paralysis on the 10th ult., and died two days afterwards at Dresden, at the age of sixty-five.—*London Musical Times*, Oct. 1.

An Hour Passed with Liszt.

(Foreign Correspondence of the Transcript.)

How much more some of us get than we deserve! A pleasure has come to us unsought. It came knocking at our door seeking entrance, and we simply did not turn it away. It happened in this fashion: A friend had been visit-

ing Liszt in Weimar and happened to mention us to the great master, who promised us a gracious reception should we ever appear there. To Weimar then we came, and the gracious reception we certainly had to our satisfaction and lasting remembrance.

After sending our cards and receiving permission to present ourselves at an appointed and early hour, we drove to the small, cosey house occupied by Liszt when here, on the outskirts of the garden of the duke of Saxe-Weimar, and were ushered by his Italian valet into a comfortable, cosey, homelike apartment, where we sat awaiting the great man's appearance. Wide casements opened upon a stretch of lawn and noble old trees, easy chairs and writing tables, MS. music with the pen lying carelessly beside it, masses of music piled up on the floor, a row of books there too, a grand piano and an upright one, a low dish of roses on the table, a carpet, which is not taken for granted here as with us—altogether the easy, friendly look of a cottage drawing room at home, where people have a happy use of pleasant things.

He entered the room after a few minutes, and greeted us with a charming amiability for which we inwardly blessed the absent friend. Of course everybody knows how he looks—tall, thin, with long white hair; a long, black, robe-like coat, being an *abbé*; long, slight, sensitive hands; a manner used to courts, and a smile and grace rare in a man approaching seventy. He spoke of Anna Mehlig and of several young artists just beginning their career whom we personally know. Very graciously he mentioned Miss Cecilia Gaul of Baltimore, spoke kindly of Miss Anna Bock, one of the youngest and most diligent of artists, and most forcibly, perhaps, of Hermann, like Anna Mehlig, a pupil of Lebert in the Stuttgart Conservatory. "There is something in the young man," he said with emphasis. So he chatted in the most genial way of things great and small, as if he were not one of the world's geniuses, and we two little insignificant nobodies sitting before him overcome with a consciousness of his greatness and our nothingness, yet quite happy and at ease, as every one must be who comes within the sphere of his gracious kindness.

Suddenly he rose and went to his writing table, and with one of his long, sweet smiles, so attractive in a man of his age—but why shouldn't a man know how to smile long, sweet smiles, who has had innumerable thrilling romantic experiences with the sex that has always adored him?—he took a bunch of roses from a glass on his table and brought it to us. Whether to kiss his hand or fall on our knees we did not quite know; but, America being less given than many lands to emotional demonstration, we smiled back with composure and appeared, no doubt, as if we were accustomed from earliest youth to distinguished marks of favor from the world's great ones. But the truth is we are not! And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing table by his MS. music, presented by the hand that has made him famous, are already pressing, and will be kept among our Penates, except one, perhaps, that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshipping friends, with date and appropriate inscriptions on the sheet where it rests. How amiable he was indeed! The roses were much, but something more was to come. The Meister played to us. For this we had not even dared hope during our first visit. No one of course ever asks him to play, and whether he does or not

depends wholly on his mood. It was beautiful to sit there close by him, the soft lawns and trees framed by the open casement making a back-ground for the tall figure, the long, peculiar hands wandering over the keys, the face full of intellect and power. And how he smiles as he plays! We fancied at first in our simplicity that he was smiling at us, but later it seemed merely the music in his soul illuming his countenance. His whole face changes and gleams and grows majestic, revealing the master spirit as his hands caress while they master the keys.

With harrowing experiences of the difficulty of Liszt's compositions, we anticipated as he began something that would thunder and crash and teach us what pigmies we were; but as an exquisite, soft melody filled the room, and tones came like whispers to our hearts, and a theme drawn with a tender, magical touch brought pictures and dreams of the past before us, we actually forgot where we were, forgot that the white-haired man was the famous Liszt, forgot to speak as the last faint chord died away, and sat in utter silence, quite lost to our surroundings, with unseeing eyes gazing out through the casement.

At last he rose, took our hands kindly and said, "That is how I play when I play badly, I am suffering from a cold at present."

We asked if he had been improvising or if what he played were already printed.

"It was only a little nocturne," he said.

"It sounded like a sweet remembrance."

"And was that," he replied cordially.

Then fearing to disturb him too long, and feeling we had been crowned with favors, we made our *adieu*, receiving a kind invitation to come the following day and hear the young artists who cluster around him summers here, some of whom he informed us played "*famos*." And after we had left him he followed us out to the stairway to repeat his invitation and say another gracious word or two. And we went off to drive through Weimar, and only half observe its pleasant, homely streets, its flat, uninteresting, yet friendly aspect, its really charming park—so *Lisztified* were we, as a friend calls our state of mind.

The place has indeed little to charm the stranger now, except the memories of Goethe and Schiller, and all the famous literary stars who once made it glorious—and the presence of Liszt. B. W. H.

—Weimar, July.

Obituary.

THERESA TIETJENS.

The great artist, Theresa Tietjens, almost the last of the noble school of the old masters, Garcia and Clementi, which gave to the world such singers as Pasta, Persiani, and Grisi, is dead, and one of the grandest voices in the world is silenced forever. With the details of her ailment the public is familiar. She was afflicted with a cancerous tumor, that cruel and hopeless scourge of woman. Repeated operations had been made by the most skilful surgeons in England, which were borne with heroic fortitude. As in all such cases, they raised hopes on the part of her friends that her life would be saved, but the horrible malady was too deeply implanted in her system to be eradicated by the surgeon's knife. Each operation afforded a temporary relief, but at each recurrence it raged with renewed severity, until death has kindly come to the relief of the poor sufferer.

Theresa Tietjens was born at Hamburg, of Hungarian parentage, in 1834. Like most great artists she displayed her talent at a very early age, and gave such promise, not only of vocal ability but also of dramatic power, that rare combination, that her parents placed her under the tuition of one of the best masters of the old school that had educated such great dramatic sopranos as Grisi and Schroeder-Devrient. She made such rapid progress that in 1849 she first appeared in her native city in the role of *Lucrezia Borgia*. From Hamburg she went to Vienna and Frankfort, where she created a great sensation in the characters of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Leonora* (in "*Trovatore*,") and *Norma*. After travelling some years on the Continent, she made her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, with such a remarkable success that the English public has ever since claimed her as its own. The leading characters with which she has most closely identified herself are Meyerbeer's *Valentine*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, Bellini's *Norma*, Gluck's *Iphigenia*, Cherubini's *Medea*, Mozart's *Countess* in the "*Nozze di Figaro*," and Rossini's *Semiramis*. The latter character in fact she made so completely her own that few artists have cared to undertake it. For the past twenty-five years she has spent most of her time in London, where she was popular not only for her artistic merits, but also for her noble dignity of character, and her beneficence and loveliness in private life. She has made occasional trips to the Continent, and a few years since filled a short engagement in this country with great success.

She possessed a noble soprano voice, full of passion, remarkable for its breadth, and always grand and imposing in its delivery. As we have said, her method had that largeness, dignity, majesty, and power which characterized the old singers, and which in those golden days was considered something better than vocal gymnastics or mere ear-tickling tunefulness. Her dramatic ability was no less remarkable than her vocal. She occupied upon the lyric stage the same position that Rachel occupied and Ristori now holds upon the dramatic, and her personations of the most powerful tragic creations deserve to rank with theirs. In her private life she was universally beloved for her noble character and dignified conduct, for her entire freedom from the jealousy and charlatanism too often found in her profession, and for the acts of beneficence and charity which she was constantly performing. In her public life she devoted herself to her art and to charity; in her private life, to her friends.—*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 4.

Theresa Tietjens.

From the London "Daily Telegraph."

Nineteen years ago the musical world of England began first to grow familiar with the name of Tietjens. In the spring of 1858, while as yet Covent Garden Theatre was unfinished, Mr. Lumley resolved to open "Her Majesty's" for another season of Italian opera. Looking round in search of some new attraction, the manager espied among the artists of the Imperial Vienna Opera a lady whose talent, though not then what it afterwards became, he at once recognized, and whose services he promptly secured. Mdle. Tietjens could hardly be considered at that time an obvious and unquestionable "prize." She was almost entirely unknown in England; so much so that contemporary musical journals may be searched in vain for more notice of her than the occasional appearance of her name in communications from abroad. Her engagement was mentioned as that of "Mdle. Tietjens, or Tietjens, from Vienna," and gossip could only say that she had a reputation for playing *Valentine* in *Les Huguenots*. Subsequently it was reported that the new artist claimed Hamburg as her native place, that the then "Free City" had witnessed her debut, and that her progress to the important Vienna stage had been rapid, though undistinguished by achievements able to secure European renown. Rumors like these were not adapted to excite a very great amount of curiosity, but, with the issue of Mr. Lumley's prospectus, musical people became

more interested in the coming artist. Though the old-fashioned opera prospectus did not strictly limit itself to truth, Mr. Lumley exaggerated nothing, when, after expressing a hope that the debut of Mdle. Tietjens, or Tietjens, would distinguish the season of 1858 not less than that of Signor Giuglini distinguished the season of 1857, he went on to say:—

"It is seldom that nature lavishes on one person all the varied gifts which are needed to make a great soprano. A voice whose register entitles it to claim this rank is of the rarest order. The melodious quality and power, which are not less essential than an extended register, are scarcely more common. Musical knowledge, executive finish, and perfect intonation are indispensable; and to these the *prima donna* should add dramatic force and adaptability, and a large measure of personal grace. Even these rare endowments will not suffice unless they are illumined by the fire of genius. How nearly the high ideal is approached by Mdle. Tietjens, and how much more nearly it may hereafter be reached under the same genial encouragement which has developed the powers of so many aspirants, the friends of the Opera will soon have an opportunity of judging."

Looking at these remarks by the light of subsequent events, it is impossible not to admire the discernment of the manager who first brought Theresa Tietjens to our shores. In due course the new *prima donna* arrived, and, on Tuesday, April 13, 1858, made her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre as *Valentine*, in Meyerbeer's great opera, the Queen and Prince Albert being present. The next morning, Mdle. Tietjens woke up to find herself famous on English ground. The audience had acclaimed her, but the press, speaking with a louder voice, and in the hearing of all the world, recognized the fact that a great artist had appeared. Here, for example, are the words of a prominent critic—words that, after 19 years' knowledge of their subject, still read as the words of truth and soberness:—

"Mdle. Tietjens is an 'artist' in the truest sense. Her voice is a pure soprano, fresh, penetrating, and powerful. Like most German singers, she pays little regard to embellishment. In the music of *Valentine* she sang what was set down for her, and no more, but what she did sing was accomplished to perfection. For this she is entitled to high commendation, since modern vocalists who look upon composers as of more than secondary importance are rare. By her execution of the occasional florid passages allotted to *Valentine*—the descending scale of the two octaves from C in alt, in the duet with Raoul, for example—we are not warranted in concluding that Mdle. Tietjens possesses more than ordinary fluency, but must leave that point for decision when we hear her in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Norma*. At present our impression is that *Fidelio*, of all operas, would suit her best, and that nothing in the operatic repertory is too grand for her means. As an actress, Mdle. Tietjens is not less remarkable than as a singer, which every one who saw her on Tuesday evening must have felt, as she issued from the Church in the *Pre-aux-Clercs*, and uttered the words, 'O terror! mal paventa!' There was no mistaking this. It was thoroughly dramatic and genuine. Every scene displayed the same impulsiveness. Mdle. Tietjens' movements and gestures are noble, and altogether free from conventionalism. Her walk is easy and natural, while her attitudes are classical, without being in the least constrained. Her success was immense."

After this fashion spoke, in varying words, but to a common purpose, the whole metropolitan press; and that the public agreed, six consecutive performances of *Les Huguenots* distinctly prove. The new favorite's next character was *Leonora*, in *Il Trovatore*, at her first assumption of which also the Queen was present.

"Mdle. Tietjens," so runs a contemporary report, "achieved an immense success, acting the part with unsurpassable energy and feeling, and singing, with astonishing brilliancy. Her employment of the high notes was, however, occasionally *de trop*; nor was her execution, notwithstanding her superb voice, at all times marked by that fluency which we are accustomed to look for in the Italian school of vocalization. Mdle. Tietjens, however, is German, not Italian, and those who accept her for what she is will not have to complain of their bargain."

We cite the qualifying remarks in this criticism because they enhance the value of its praise. Here, clearly, is no blind admiration, but a discretion most of us can recognize and applaud. *Leonora* was followed by *Donna Anna* (*Don Giovanni*); the Queen, who had witnessed *Les Huguenots* three times, and *Il Trovatore* once, again attending. Of the new effort it was said:—

"Her *Donna Anna* must be placed higher, both as a histrionic and vocal achievement, than either *Valentine* or *Leonora*. We may, in a word, say that Mdle. Tietjens' *Donna Anna* is one of the finest impersonations of that great and trying part we have ever witnessed on the stage."

From *Donna Anna* Mdle. Tietjens passed on to the Countess, in Mozart's *Figaro*, and met with rather sharp criticism thereat. But the new soprano took her revenge in the next of her series of characters—*Lucrezia*. We read of the effort she made:—

"Mdle. Tietjens has fully sustained her reputation by her grand impersonation of the haughty and relentless Duchess of Ferrara, every phase of whose character is developed with extraordinary skill. . . . The excitement it created was unusual."

The now popular artist—then, as ever, indefatigable—repeated her various parts time after time, but brought forward no others during the remainder of the season, at the close of which her services were thus reviewed:—

"The feature of the season just terminated was the engagement of Mdle. Theresa Tietjens, who, on the opening night, as *Valentine*, in the *Huguenots*, established her claim to be regarded as a singer and an actress of the highest order. This new *prima donna* has created a far greater sensation than any other artist in her particular line since Mdle. Sophie Cruveill. Mdle. Tietjens, in short, gives us some hope of a legitimate successor to Julietta Grisi in lyric tragedy—that is, if the 'Diva' ever means to repose upon her well-earned laurels. Mdle. Tietjens was equally fortunate as *Leonora*, *Donna Anna*, and *Lucrezia*. She also appeared as the Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro*, but with less marked success. The acquisition of such a dramatic singer, however, is of incalculable consequence to the interests of the theatre."

So thought the manager, and speedily news came from Vienna that "Mdle. Tietjens will leave the Imperial Opera, having accepted a brilliant engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London."

We have dealt so minutely upon the great artist's first season amongst us, because thus were laid the foundations of her abiding English popularity, and of that close union between performer and public which was never to be sundered save by death. It is clear that Mdle. Tietjens at once hit the taste of her new audience, and that at a time, too, when formidable rivals were in the field, and when the musical firmament of London was so ablaze with stars, that even *Punch* cried out against the *embarras de richesses* of

"Three Traviatas in different quarters.

Three Rigoletti murdering their daughters,

Three Traviatas holding their brothers

By the artful contrivance of three gipsy mothers."

It is probable, however, that Mdle. Tietjens, elated as she must have been with her success, never dreamed of the results destined to flow from it. She had visions of like triumphs in many lands, and of journeys from capital to capital, reaping at each weighty harvest of laurels and gold. Whereas, could she have penetrated the future, she would have seen lying before her an exclusively English career, broken only by a brief excursion to Paris or America. The influences leading to this result we shall touch upon later; for the present, let us state that Mdle. Tietjens re-appeared in London, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1859, under the auspices of Mr. E. T. Smith, with whom, the year after, she removed to the scene of her debut, and to the house with the fortunes of which she was thenceforth so closely identified. Were we writing a biography, it would be our duty to follow the fortunes of Mdle. Tietjens through these two seasons, to tell how she went on strengthening her position by adding character after character to her repertory, and by soaring higher and higher into the region of classic art, where she found means for augmenting her triumphs in such operas as *Fidelio* and *Oberon*. But the story would take long to tell, especially if we completed the record by referring to the artist's share in the series of important revivals carried out at the Haymarket house by Mr. Mapleson, to whom, as Mr. E. T. Smith's successor, Mdle. Tietjens had transferred her allegiance. The story, moreover, less needs telling because its details belong to living memory rather than to the pages of history. The place occupied by Mdle. Tietjens in the world of art was too eminent, and her achievements there too remarkable, for less than an abiding impression. No singer of foreign birth ever kept so closely before the English public, and the career of none lies so distinctly in the recollection of amateurs. But, to look at Mdle. Tietjens only as she appeared on the operatic stage, is by no means to take in the whole sphere of her action. Indeed, when we find her spoken of in the festival reports of 1860 as a "foreign opera singer," who takes no part in *The Messiah*, we can hardly realize that this was ever so in deed and in truth. That it was not so long, everybody knows. Having determined to cast in her lot with the people by whom she had been received so generously, Mdle. Tietjens set herself to play not only the rôle of *prima donna*, but of general ability. Her success in the one was as great as the other. At musical festivals and in provincial and metropolitan concert-rooms, not less than on the lyric stage, the German artist made herself indispensable; for if, on the one hand, people would hear of no other *Fidelio*, or *Valentine*, or *Norma*, or *Lucrezia*, neith-

er would they consent to do without her in the great sacred epics which English amateurs esteem far more than ought beside. It was this all-embracing service that enabled Mdle. Tietjens to fill so large a place in public regard. Had she limited herself to foreign operas, her fame would still have been great; but when she became identified with indigenous forms of art—when the English people saw in her an exponent of that which tradition and taste had endeared to them—her popularity sank deep into the body of the nation, and became an abiding as well as powerful influence.

But it is time to glance at the nature and extent of the artistic resources which, aided by strong personal characteristics, enabled Mdle. Tietjens to win, and for so many years to retain, the place now left vacant. We are not about to contend that, as an artist, she was perfect. To do this would be mere flattery, and flattery in the presence of death is a ghastly mocking. Truth to tell, many vocalists, trained in a better school than was she whom we now mourn, have, as such, excelled her, and it will hardly be denied that her impersonations on the lyric stage were of unequal merit. But the fame of Mdle. Tietjens can well afford to grant all this, and more; since only a conjunction of the highest qualities make possible a career so distinguished, or command admiration so wide-spread and fervent. Which of the highest qualities, it may be asked, centred in her? In the first place, a voice like as given to very few. Time and use had lately impaired its freshness, if not its power; but even the youngest amateur can call to mind something of its pristine glory, and hear, ringing in the ears of memory, those grand sounds which used to flow effortlessly from her lips. The voice of Tietjens presented just the union of strength and quality which, because so rare, is deemed so precious. It filled not only the ear but the mind of the listener, and appealed, by its sympathetic human characteristics, as much to the feelings as to a physical sense of beauty. With regard to Mdle. Tietjens as a vocalist, it cannot be questioned that her place was among the highest. Nature and education alike, possibly, denied her the power to dazzle by means of the "fire-works" which some of her contemporaries were always prepared to let off with effect. But even of this art she was mistress in no slight degree, and when it failed her, as sometimes it did, her gallantry and perseverance made amends. But there are vocal qualities more precious and harder to acquire than agility, and these belonged emphatically to the artist whom Music now laments. Amateurs will know what we mean, when called upon to remember how Mdle. Tietjens used to deliver such airs as "Dove sono" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—airs that, compared with *bravura*, are as much more severe a test of true vocalism, as are Mozart's sonatas of true pianism, when compared with a rhapsody by Liszt. The pure *legato* style, the perfect phrasing, just accent, and unforced expression, noticeable in all such efforts, were unequivocal signs of a great artist; and, if they did not make crowds gape with astonishment, they won the admiration of every amateur whose good opinion was worth possessing. Joined to these excellencies was one still higher and of greater value—that, in point of fact, which distinguishes the artist from the mere singer. There are a good many people in the profession Mdle. Tietjens adorned, whom it is the custom to style artists, though really without the smallest claim to so honorable a designation. Such people, having drawn the prize of a voice in Nature's lottery, make money by it as they would by an inborn power of walking the tight-rope, had that fallen to them. But Mdle. Tietjens was an artist in every deed. We saw the fact demonstrated by her passionate love of the work she was called upon to do, and the manner in which she brought to its discharge all the resources at command. With her there was no shadow of the perfunctory. She had that great gift of "thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness," for which, as Charles Dickens well said, "there is no substitute," and without which, when the end is to move and influence humanity, every effort is vain. Herein lay the secret of much of her power and popularity, and by this alone can we explain her unwearied industry. Granted that she loved to be face to face with a public always ready to applaud, it is clear that no feeling of this kind, unsupported by the presence of an artistic necessity, could have stimulated labors little short of Herculean. In her art Mdle. Tietjens lived, moved, and had her being; and so, year by year, and all the year round, on the lyric stage, or the concert platform, in private houses or amid the *clat* of festival doings, she worked with well-nigh

superhuman energy. At this point not one among those who were witnesses fails to recall the last appearances of Mdle. Tietjens at the Haymarket house. There is something impressive in the fact that she was spared to "inaugurate" the new stage that had risen on the ruins of the old, but attendant circumstances invested it also with the deepest pathos. Though stricken with a mortal disease, and suffering pain such as even her indomitable resolution could not conceal, she went on discharging her duty till further work was impossible. Who shall measure the courage required for that last sad performance of *Lucresia Borgia*—sad, but glorious as the triumph of the strong soul over all the forces that oppressed the body! Truly of Mdle. Tietjens it might be said that nothing in her public life became her like the leaving it. But the lamented subject of these remarks was an actress as well as a singer, and any estimate of her genius, however slight, which did not recognize the fact, would be worthless. The highest form of lyric tragedy was hers as by natural selection. She did not always confine herself to it, for she shared a weakness common to artists, and failed to distinguish the limits of her own powers. But, generally speaking, Mdle. Tietjens fulfilled a manifest destiny, and has left behind her the memory of a long list of brilliant creations not soon to be forgotten. Hers was the true dramatic instinct. She knew how to identify herself with the character assumed, and to make prominent exactly that phase of it which supplied a key to the whole. In the expression of strong feeling of an heroic cast, she had few equals, while her imposing presence and natural appreciative action enabled her to embody her conceptions in the best possible form. We might give a hundred examples in proof of all this, did not the reader's memory supply them without help, finding them anywhere in that splendid gallery, the masterpieces of which were Valentine, Leonora, Fidelio, *Mea Lucrezia*, Norma, Donna Anna, and Semiramide.

We have referred above to the personal characteristics of the dead artist, and surely if any one ever had the faculty of making friends, it was Mdle. Tietjens. Her devotion to duty and earnestness in its discharge commanded respect; but there was that in Mdle. Tietjens which evoked a warmer feeling, even among those to whom she could never be more than a public singer. Her gracious manner and genial countenance, her thorough and obvious heartiness, never failed to call forth sympathy, or to establish between audience and performer a complete rapport. This was why amateurs, the whole land over, treated Mdle. Tietjens as a friend, were always as glad to see her as she manifestly was to see them, and admired her with a constancy that defied alike the assaults of rivals and the lapse of time. Mentioning this, we are brought back to the point whence we started, and to a feeling of personal sorrow. But not wholly to the selfish grief that arises from a sense of personal loss. Could the dead speak to us, they would perhaps say that commiseration of their fate is superfluous; yet who does not wish that Mdle. Tietjens had been spared to pass the evening of her life in well-earned repose, comforted amid the gathering shadows of the night "in which no man can work" by the love and gratitude of troops of friends. Inscrutable Wisdom decreed that in her case this should not be.

"Leaves have their time to all,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set;"

but death is ever in season; and so the sun of our great artist went down while it was yet day. May she sleep well! but we must remain awake to a consciousness of bereavement—to a knowledge that one source of delight has been withdrawn, and that there is amongst us a conspicuously vacant place. How the loss is to be made good, time alone can show. Meanwhile, from the grave of Theresa Tietjens will spring, to use the words of Washington Irving, "none but fond regrets and tender recollections."

Gloucester (Engl.) Musical Festival.

From the London "Times."

(Concluded from Page 110.)

At the last morning's performance Handel's "Messiah," as usual, filled the Cathedral in every part. The decisive success of Mdle. Albani in the florid Solo, "Rejoice greatly," and the pathetic Air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," fully satisfied us of her ability to sustain the highest position as an Oratorio singer. Madame Löwe, too, sang extremely well; and Madame Patey, Miss B. Griffiths,

Messrs. Cummings, E. Lloyd, Santley, and Maybrick were thoroughly efficient in all the music allotted them. The choruses were given with a freshness and decision which surprised all who remembered what hard work the members of the choir had been subjected to during the week; and in "The trumpet shall sound" (sung by Mr. Santley) Mr. T. Harper gave an absolutely perfect rendering of the trumpet obbligato.

A summary of the evening performances at the Shire Hall and Cathedral included in the programme of what has been in certain respects the most successful Three Choir meeting ever held in Gloucester may be briefly presented. The selection from Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* at the first concert failed to excite any remarkable degree of interest; nor was the execution of this by no means easy music up to the general average of excellence achieved in other instances. The C minor symphony of Beethoven, however, and Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture were both played with spirit by the orchestra, and a concert overture in E flat by Mr. Montague Smith, a young composer, who already shows that he has studied his art to excellent purpose, was heard with satisfaction and received with applause, not only because it was a novelty, but on account of its own unquestionable merit. Mr. Smith's first overture, in fact (if his first it be), is good enough to encourage a well-founded hope that his second will be still better. The remainder of the programme—excepting M. Sainton's admirable performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, to which reference has already been made—consisted almost exclusively of familiar vocal pieces, requiring no special comment. The evening of Wednesday was devoted to a performance of oratorio music in the Cathedral, as substitute for the customary miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall, going far to prove how steadily the conviction of those who desire to perpetuate the Festivals takes root, that sacred rather than secular compositions should form the staple object of attraction. This, it will be admitted, tends more and more to conciliate opponents and disarm objection. Some have complained that, instead of the entire *St. Paul* and the entire *Creation*, only the first part of each was given; yet, bearing in mind the fact that *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* were both included in the programme of the week, even the most enthusiastic admirers of Mendelssohn must have felt satisfied. Moreover, an occasion thus permitted of listening to the bright and cheerful strains of Haydn was difficult to ignore; and, as according to the general scheme, this could not otherwise have been obtained, Mr. Harford Lloyd is provided with a reasonable excuse. The first part in its integrity, from any great work, is surely preferable to "selections," no matter with what excellent judgment contrived. Bach's *Passion* (St. Matthew) was shortened of its colossal proportions in order that Beethoven's only oratorio might follow, while Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* was curtailed of seven numbers for the sake of a miscellaneous series of pieces, vocal and instrumental, in which some leading artists might be heard. On the other hand, the oratorios of Mendelssohn and Haydn, although only one division of each was vouchsafed, came to us, at all events, according to the fashion in which their respective authors had imagined them. Herr Niels Gade's cantata, *The Crusaders*, received with such favor at the last Birmingham Festival, when given under the direction of its composer, was the feature of the second and last miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall. This cantata, into the character and merits of which it is unnecessary again to enter, hardly came up to expectation; nor was the performance commensurate with the just claims of the music, a certain want of preparation, not to be remarked in other far more trying works included in the week's programme, being evident throughout. That the leading singers, Mmes. Sophie Löwe, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Santley, one and all, were competent to their tasks need hardly be said; the general effect, however, was spiritless, and the impression created anything but vivid. *The Crusaders* is by no means difficult, but its adequate execution demands a nicety of gradation and detail, the absence of which is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as (like Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*) it was new to the Gloucester public. The second part commenced with an overture in B flat, by Mr. C. V. Stanford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, a musician of recognized ability. Spirited, symmetrically constructed, and scored for the orchestra with excellent effect, this new overture was well given under the direction of its composer, and liberally applauded. Another feature worth mentioning was Weber's

Concertstück for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann with the neatness and brilliancy for which that highly talented lady is noted. Mr. W. H. Cummings introduced an air by Handel, "La bella Pastorella," of which the autograph manuscript was at one time possessed by Dragonetti, the renowned contrabassist. The air is pleasing, and would have been welcome as a curiosity, even had it been less well sung than by its present owner. The rest of the programme consisted chiefly of familiar vocal pieces, operatic and otherwise, sung by Mdlle. Albani, Mdme. Patey, Miss Griffiths, Messrs. Santley and Maybrick.

Leeds (Engl.) Musical Festival.

(Correspondence of the Times.)

FIRST DAY.

SEPT. 19.—A worthier commencement of the Festival than to-day's *Elijah* could not possibly have been desired. Two performances of this most popular of modern oratorios can alone in our remembrance be compared with it—that of 1846, when *Elijah* was first produced at Birmingham under the direction of Mendelssohn himself, and that of 1855, at another Birmingham Festival, with Mr. Costa, now Sir Michael Costa, as conductor. That any one fortunate enough to have been present on these memorable occasions can have forgotten the impression created is not likely; and when it is added that the performance of to-day was in most respects on a par with either of them, it may be readily understood that nothing short of first-rate excellence distinguished it from beginning to end. All that had been predicated of the Leeds chorus was fully carried out. But to speak in general terms—from the opening of the impressive and masterly orchestral interlude, separating the prophecy of the three years' drought, "As God the Lord of Israel liveth," from the choruses of the distressed and supplicating multitude, "Help, Lord!—wilt Thou quite destroy us?" the conviction that a performance of more than ordinary merit would ensue seemed to be regarded as a matter of course. Sir Michael Costa was in his happiest mood; and this was manifested, over and over again, by the uniform adherence to Mendelssohn's own *tempi* in chorus after chorus, air after air, and so forth. More strictly followed they could not have been. The tranquil choruses, to which a subdued utterance and rigid attention to light and shade are indispensable, were not less satisfactory than those fiercer outbursts which call imperatively for precision of attack, boldness of delivery, and marked accentuation. The result throughout was a choral interpretation of Mendelssohn's noblest composition, not less congenial in a poetic than satisfactory in a mechanical sense. When the glorious climax to Part I, "Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land," was over, a burst of applause (up to this point applause having been judiciously dispensed with) testified to the unqualified delight of an audience little short of 2,000 in number—an audience crowding the vast hall in every part. Here one might have thought the climax had been reached. Not so, however. The choral singing in the second part was in no way inferior to that which uniformly marked the first; and from "Be not afraid" to "Then shall your light shine forth," the emphatic peroration, there was scarcely a point open to unfavorable criticism. Sopranos, contraltos, altos, tenors, and basses vied with each other, not so much in friendly rivalry as in a determined resolve to produce a perfectly harmonious combination, so as to render the text of Mendelssohn just as Mendelssohn would have rejoiced to hear it. And they succeeded—higher praise than which could hardly be accorded to these enthusiastic Yorkshire singers.

The leading vocal parts in *Elijah* were one and all assigned to artists who knew how to appreciate and interpret them. Mr. Santley, who sang the music of the Prophet from the introductory recitative to the final air which precedes the chorus describing *Elijah's* ascent to Heaven in a fiery chariot, has seldom exhibited his remarkable declamatory powers and his mastery over all the gradations of expression to more signal advantage. Mr. Edward Lloyd undertook all the most important music allotted to the tenor voice, and was equally fortunate in the two airs which give deep significance to a part otherwise comparatively subordinate. In the first part of the oratorio—if oratorio this Bible musical drama may justly be styled—Mdme. Edith Wynne was soprano, and that rising young singer Mrs. Mudie-Bolingbroke, contralto. The former

created her strongest impression in the duet between the Widow and *Elijah*, the introductory solo of which, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" was rendered with truly impassioned feeling. The latter showed genuine taste in her delivery of her plaintive air, "Woe unto them who forsake Him," which comes immediately after the furious denunciation of the Prophet, "Is not His word like a fire?" In the second part the soprano was Mdlle. Albani, who gave the superb admonition, "Hear ye, Israel," better, if possible, with more resolute expression, more careful observance of detail, than at Gloucester a fortnight since, and in the magnificent *Sanctus*, "Holy, holy, holy!" created the same impression as before. Mdme. Patey, the contralto, among other things, sang the consoling and truly devotional air, "O rest in the Lord," so well that there was an unmistakable desire on the part of the audience to hear it again, but Sir Michael Costa, with the judgment for which he is deservedly noted, lent an unwilling ear to the demand, and went on directly with the exquisitely melodious chorus, "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," which is as legitimately its sequel as the chorus, "He watching over Israel," is the sequel to the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains." For disregard to unreasonable demands Sir Michael is not to be blamed, but to be praised, and it would be well if other conductors imitated his example. The oratorio was preceded, as usual on such occasions, by the National Anthem. To-night *The Fire King*, a new cantata by Mr. Walter Austin, was performed, and much applauded.

SECOND DAY.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20.—The second morning concert was given up to "varieties," Oratorio being reserved till the evening. Again a large audience attended, and all passed off well. The first part was entirely miscellaneous, beginning with a fine performance of the "Freischütz" Overture, after which came five vocal pieces sung respectively by Mdlle. Redeker, Mr. Lloyd, the choir, Mrs. Mudie-Bolingbroke, and Mdlle. Albani and Mr. Santley; the soprano and baritone having entrusted to their safe and experienced hands the Duet for Senta and the Dutchman in "Der Fliegende Holländer." The part-song was Morley's "My bonny lass," splendidly sung and received with loud applause. After the vocal selections Dr. Spark introduced a Concertstück written by him to display some of the merits of the instrument at which he has so long presided. This end the piece answered in a very satisfactory manner, though, perhaps, many present would have been better pleased had the doctor performed some really representative composition of the class. So good an opportunity of introducing a grand work by means of such an instrument ought not to have been lost. Gounod's "Nazareth" having been sung by Mr. Santley and chorus, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, capably played, brought the first part to an end. The second part began with the Overture to "Fra Diavolo," in strange juxtaposition with which—because next following—was "Angels ever bright and fair," wherein Mdlle. Albani made, as usual, a display of her tendency towards overstrained expression. The song occupied but a few seconds less than five minutes, a fact sufficiently conclusive as to the manner of its rendering. A Duet from Smart's "Jacob," "Tell me, O fairest," combined the voices of Madame Wynne and Mr. Lloyd; the lady, together with Mdlle. Albani and Mdlle. Redeker, being also heard in the well-known Trio from Balfe's "Ealstaff," as was Signor Foli in Meyerbeer's fine song, "The Monk." Last came, to end the concert in a manner worthy of a Festival occasion, Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nacht." From this great things were expected. The band and chorus were looked for to produce effects transcending even those of "Elijah," and to realize Mendelssohn's highest ideal. This, I may safely say, was done to the satisfaction of the most exigent. The choir went at their work heart and soul, fortified by a consciousness of knowing the music thoroughly, and of being both well led and well supported. Who among those present will soon forget the result? Will soon lose the impression made by the wild rout of "Come with torches," the dramatic suggestiveness of "Disperse, disperse" and "Help, my comrades," or the stately grandeur of "Unclothed now?" All these numbers, familiar though they be, seemed to derive a deeper meaning from the magnificence of their interpretation. Veterans present, who imagined that they had exhausted the "Walpurgis Nacht" as a bee drains a flower of

honey, found out their mistake and were thankful; while those to whom the music was comparatively strange must have had a revelation of surprising power. But the performance generally was excellent. Mdlle. Redeker, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley gave the solos in irreproachable style, and the orchestra played both Overture and accompaniments as though fully aware that the chorus could only be rivalled by straining every nerve. The reception of Mendelssohn's work, and of the efforts of those engaged in it, was most enthusiastic. But no other result was possible; a man who could stolidly listen to such music must be as insensible as a mile-stone.

With the evening came the time for Handel to have a triumphant innings. Deprived of his "Messiah," the old master took his revenge in "Solomon," and swayed the audience with his customary resistless might. And it was an audience worth swaying. The repulse of the substituted Oratorio would in any case have drawn a crowd, but Yorkshire amateurs and Yorkshire choristers are pre-eminently Handelians. They find in the breadth and manliness of the giant's work that which suits them, and while the one class can hear with intelligence the other can interpret with a power unknown elsewhere. No better choice could have been made than of "Solomon," an Oratorio that combines the grandest choruses with airs full of interest and charm. The story, it is true, may not be of the loftiest conceivable order, nor its manner of telling present much to excite commendation. But *pace*, Richard Wagner! in any such work the composer's art overrides that of the poet, and the sublimity of music can blind us to the poverty of verse. This was emphatically the case with "Solomon," which from first to last, enchained attention, and often so excited the audience that the rule against applause, though printed legibly in the books, was no more visible than was the signal of recall at Copenhagen when Nelson put the glass to his blind eye. The version adopted at Leeds, being that used in Exeter Hall, included Costa's "additional accompaniments." There can be no doubt whatever that the "cuts" in this version are judicious, but I cannot say as much for all Sir M. Costa's orchestration. Sir Michael is not reverent, like Franz. As well as filling in details, he sometimes meddles with the structural outline, and this is unpardonable. None among the audience, however, were disposed then and there to cast these reflections in the Conductor's teeth. It was enough to enjoy the music—to admire the stately grandeur of "From the censer" and "Shake the dome," the beauty of "May no rash intruder," and the vivid power of the Choruses devoted to the Passions. All these were sung to perfection, the "Nightingale" especially showing the choir at its best. Not less good in their way were the solos, as rendered by Madame Wynne, Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, Mr. Shakespeare, and Signor Foli. Each of these artists had a chance of making more or less effect; Madame Wynne in "Can I see my infant gored," which she sang with great pathos; Mrs. Osgood in "Thy sentence, great King;" Madame Patey in "What though I trace;" Mr. Shakespeare in "See the tall palm;" and Signor Foli in the one bass Air, "Praise ye the Lord." But it should specially be said, with regard to Madame Patey, that her delivery of Solomon's music was a notable effort, distinguished by many of the greatest qualities that go to make a vocal artist. Here, too, an emphatic word is due to Sir Michael Costa, who held his forces firmly in hand and directed their efforts with characteristic decision. Altogether the performance was a memorable event in Festival history.

THIRD DAY.

SEPT. 21.—The morning concert of this day was devoted to Dr. Macfarren's new Oratorio "Joseph," and, naturally, a large audience assembled, made up in no small measure of professors and amateurs who had travelled to Leeds expressly for an event of so much interest.

The Oratorio has a plot and is interesting, while the various scenes are just such as, speaking in the light of Dr. Macfarren's first work, best suit his genius. The story, moreover, is outlined well, and told, generally speaking, with such simple directness that none can mistake it. Here, for proof, is the "argument" as officially stated:—

PART I.—*Canaan*.—Peacefulness of pastoral life—disturbed by the jealousy of Joseph's brethren—their conspiracy to destroy him—his life spared by Reuben's approach of the Ishmaelites—they purchase Joseph from his brethren—his farewell to his country—the false

report of his death brought to Jacob—the grief of Jacob, and the attempts of his sons and daughters to comfort him.

PART II.—Egypt.—The pomp of Pharaoh's court—he relates his dreams—the failure of the wise men to interpret them—Joseph is brought from prison, expounds them, and is installed as Governor with great splendor—description of the years of plenty and of famine—first interview between Joseph and his brethren—he requires them to produce Benjamin—they return to Canaan, and Reuben persuades Jacob to allow Benjamin to accompany them—second interview between Joseph and his brethren in the presence of the house of Pharaoh, when he makes himself known to them—arrival of Jacob and all his family—retrospective sketch of the story from Psalm cv.

Dr. Macfarren is entitled to high praise for the extreme vigor, terseness, and expressiveness of his dramatic numbers. Generally speaking, the music is adapted to the situation, the force of which it heightens while presenting numberless points of interest on its own account. With regard to the melodic structure of the work, no one will be surprised to learn that Dr. Macfarren has again adopted and carried out with much ingenuity the device of associating particular themes with particular persons, incidents, or feelings. These themes really make up no small part of the Oratorio, introduced as they are on every possible occasion. Thus we find the subjects of the Overture almost exclusively confined to them. We have first a theme identified with Jacob's love for Joseph; a second that stands for the land of Canaan; a third coupled with the conspiracy, and so on. But Dr. Macfarren, though he uses it liberally, does not overwork this device. Rather do we find much of the interest of the Oratorio and the significance of its various parts heightened by means of a system that will hardly suffer in public esteem through the skilful exaggerations of Herr Wagner. Let me add here that the Overture, though built up of *motives* taken from the body of the work, is most admirably put together. The various sections have perfect cohesion; the whole is in strict form, and might pass with applause as an example of "pure" music, having no connection with anything beyond itself. Passing on to other salient features of the Oratorio—which are all that can be now noticed—I have to remark the extreme importance of the choruses, as distinguished from the choral episodes in the dramatic scenes. Here Dr. Macfarren has put forth all his strength, and that in a most varied manner. He had to supply pastoral music for the shepherds in the exordium; to depict the clang and clatter of the Ishmaelite caravan; to make the Egyptians sing the praises of their monarch in fitting strains; and, for this is essential in Oratorio, to use all the resources of counterpoint as occasion offered. That in doing all this he has achieved greater or less success is undoubted. The Pastoral Chorus, for example, is charming; the Chorus of Ishmaelites wild and picturesque in the highest degree; and that which acclaims the elevation of Joseph a fit expression of national rejoicing; while the fugal numbers, as may be imagined, are worthy of Dr. Macfarren's technical means. Some of the airs show equal merit in their way, though it must be confessed that this is the department which does not exhibit the composer in the strongest light. Dr. Macfarren, whose learning appears always to dominate him, makes too little of the power of simple melody, and leans too strongly upon harmonic devices and orchestral coloring. As a consequence, his airs often fail to carry with them the sympathy of the listener, who, following the melody, finds it hampered and cramped by the exigencies of the composer's system. All the same, however, there are fine airs in "Joseph," and such as not only give pleasure to the listener, but are able to repay the musician's study. Dr. Macfarren does nothing without a motive, and all of us very well know that his motives are not lightly conceived. Other points of interest in the work are the liberal use made of transition as distinct from modulation, and the freedom with which the voice parts are written. Dr. Macfarren shares with some other composers the daringness of spirit which brooks no restraint, and pays little heed to the weakness of interpretation. Hence his music is often very difficult, and its difficulty is of a nature which, there is reason to fear, will stand in the way of popularity, or, at all events, of extended use. But to sum up all these impressions, let me say that "Joseph" is a noble, learned work, one of which England has a right to be proud, especially as it is distinguished by thoroughly English qualities. Its style is the composer's own; its thought is often happy, always strong and earnest, and its expression is that of a master. The performance, conducted by Mr. Walter Macfarren, was remarkably

good for a new work; the chorus again distinguishing itself greatly, the band, a few slips excepted, working well throughout, and the soloists laboring as though in perfect sympathy with the composer. To Mdlle. Albani, Madame Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli belonged the honor of "creating" their respective parts. Where all did their duty it would be invidious to single out one for special praise; but the fact that Mr. Santley represented the hero of the story may excuse a reference to the very perfect manner in which his task was discharged. At the close of the performance, Dr. Macfarren was called for, led on by his brother, and applauded with all the enthusiasm needed to ratify a genuine success.

The evening concert, being made up entirely of selections, may be passed with few words. It was chiefly remarkable for a good performance of Raff's Symphony in G minor, Bennett's overture "The Wood-Nymphs," and Spohr's "Jessonda." All, including Bennett's work, were conducted by Sir Michael Costa, who has now "buried the hatchet" in the grave of his ancient antagonist. Madame Sinico appeared at this concert, taking the place of Mdlle. Albani, and being very well received.

SATURDAY.

The last concert of the Festival was what in convivial language would be styled a "bumper," and attracted the largest audience of the week, every part of the Town Hall being crowded to excess. A more attractive programme could hardly have been drawn up, including as it did two well-known and popular works of the highest class, and a novelty bearing the illustrious name of Bach. The combination was most judicious; for, while the "Requiem" and "Mount of Olives" drew a crowd together, the old Leipzig master's "Magnificat" found an audience which itself could never have commanded. The novelty came first in order, and was heard with profound attention by connoisseurs, who, however, may not have had their attention drawn to the fact that the music was not Bach *pur et simple*. It should have been stated in the books that the version performed was that of Robert Franz, the man who stands far ahead of all others in respect of the skill and reverence with which he adapts music of the old school to modern requirements: Whether a masterpiece ought to be touched by anybody is a question I shall evade here. Assuming that the process is legitimate, Robert Franz has earned the highest honor it can bestow. Franz shows his usual ability in the "Magnificat," adding clarinets and bassoons to the score, and, in one chorus, a bass trombone; writing a complete organ part; making the viola part continuous, and while retaining the three trumpets, bringing their music within the more restricted means of the present day. The judgment with which all this is done can only be appreciated by those who examine the new score with care. Enough that one might fancy Sebastian Bach himself approving every bar, and recognizing throughout an expansion of his own style, and the working of his own spirit. As the "Magnificat" can be bought now for a few pence, and as there can be no dispute about its merit, discussion here is needless. Nor will those already familiar with the work require telling that the choruses, finely sung, made a deep impression. These six numbers, though not extended, show us the old master in his grandest mood, and for these alone the "Magnificat" will ever occupy an honored place. The airs, as usual with Bach, are less striking; but the duet for contralto and tenor, despite an elaborate polyphonic structure, is charming, and evoked much admiration, as did the contralto song, "Esurientes implevit bonis," with its pretty accompaniment of two flutes. Looking at the success of the work, it is to be hoped that Bach will be drawn upon for contributions to future Festival programmes; the store of matter is abundant, and none of it valueless. Mozart's "Requiem" followed the "Magnificat," and furnished a striking contrast by its vivid coloring and descriptive grandeur. The great choruses, such as "Rex tremendæ," "Confutatis," and "Dies Iræ," made a stupendous effect, such was the mass of sound and such were the energy and dash of the Yorkshire singers. But the deepest impression of all perhaps attended the "Lachrymose," the wonderful sequence of the concluding prayer being rendered in a manner that may best be described as awe-inspiring. A profound silence followed the last note, for every heart was touched, and the highest purpose of sacred music attained. The solos in the "Requiem" were given to Madame Wynne, Mrs. Mudie Bolling-broke, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Santley, from whom they received all possible justice.

The second part of the concert being devoted to the "Mount of Olives," that work had the honor of bringing the Festival to an end. But the performance was signalized by an event of more importance, viz., a deliberate abandonment of the "Engedi" version, and an adoption of the original text, or rather of a close English translation recently made by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, and now incorporated with Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co.'s edition. Some excuse may be made for Dr. Hudson's libretto, and also for the change effected by Mr. Bartholomew when he put the words of Christ into the mouth of John. Narrow views prevailed at that time, and the question really was whether Beethoven's Oratorio should be adapted to English tastes or kept out altogether. But the circumstances have now entirely changed. We have learned to distinguish better between actual and supposititious evil, and to see that there need be no irreverence in personating the Saviour. Beethoven, it is said, always regretted that he had made Christ a dramatic character; but that the Protestant Bach had no such feeling is proved by his setting the "Passion" over and over again. At any rate, we now accept the "Passion" and the "Mount of Olives" without hesitancy, and who shall say that religion itself is not a gainer in consequence? Mr. Troutbeck's version being reviewed elsewhere, demands here no more than passing notice. Let me say, however, that its beauty and propriety met with hearty recognition at Leeds, and enabled the audience to enter into the spirit and meaning of the music more deeply than ever before.

New Musical Club.—Mrs. Rive-King.

JANESVILLE, WIS., OCT. 12.—Two recent musical events here are perhaps of sufficient importance to musical progress in this part of the country to deserve mention even in so far away a place as Boston, since they serve to indicate the rapid increase of interest in music now taking place in the West.

The first is the organization of a Musical Club for the study of the best music. A call was issued inviting all interested to meet on a certain evening. About thirty came. Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Op. 47, was played by one teacher; another gave an analysis of it, preceded by a short lecture, giving the general principles of Form, with examples; and a third gave an admirable criticism of it, from the æsthetic standpoint. At the second meeting Chopin's Polonaise in E flat, Op. 22, was similarly treated. About seventy were present. At the next meeting we shall take up the Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31, and shall meet in a larger room. The interest seems to be very great, and it is a very hopeful sign.

The second event was a concert by Mrs. Julia Rive-King, Oct. 3d. The programme included the *Sonata appassionata*, Schumann's *Pachelbel's Canon aus Wien*, several pieces by Chopin, a Song without words by Mendelssohn, and two Liszt pieces. This was no "popular" programme, though the audience was, for the most part, totally unacquainted with good music. But it was exceedingly satisfactory to notice how quiet and attentive everyone was,—puzzled, many of them, but delighted nevertheless, and keenly interested, from the very first note to the last. The remarks I have heard since are equally encouraging; and the interest seemed to be quite as much in the noble music as in the extraordinary playing. I have several times noticed that Mrs. Rive-King has somehow an unusual power of making the best music comprehensible, or at least very interesting to people of no musical knowledge; and the most extraordinary part of it is that they like the best music most of all when she plays it. She herself immensely prefers Beethoven to Liszt, and she seems to be able to induce the same preference in those who hear her. She has, in some unaccountable way, the secret of being popular without lowering her standard in the slightest degree. A great quickening of musical interest always follows one of her concerts. Thus she plays the part of a real missionary, and does us benighted Westerners a vast deal of good.

I think one secret of her success is her charming modesty and simplicity. The public sees her unaffected behavior, and everybody is predisposed to like her and all she does. She is just as simple and unassuming everywhere. A few months ago she wrote to a friend: "You praise me too much. I do not deserve it yet, though I hope to some time. I am still too young to have fathomed so great a master as Beethoven, but I love him above all others." No doubt the travelling life she leads is not so conducive to her growth and the development of fine character as a quiet one in some really musical society; but she is certainly unspoiled, she does her work in a true artistic spirit, has high aims, and worthy ones, and works very hard.

As to her present ability to interpret the best works I must say my opinion of it grows higher every time I hear her. I could discover no inadequacy in her rendering of the *Sonata appassionata*, and that is a fair test of her ability to play Beethoven. I cannot say as much for some great artists, Mme. Esplanoff for instance, who, with all her infinite refinement and finish, misses the vital characteristics of the Beethoven genius, his massive breadth and grandeur, besides that she takes all sorts of liberties with what he has written. One thinks all the time, "What a delicious touch she has! How exquisitely she finishes every phrase! But it isn't Beethoven." She is like one who plucks the most delicate flowers on a mountain-side without ever thinking of the mountain.

But when I hear Mme. Riet-King play Beethoven, I think, first of all: "How infinitely greater is Beethoven than all other composers! What a colossus he is!" and only afterwards do I think: "How wonderful it is that a woman so young should already interpret him so nobly!" There is real vitality and power in her playing, and she has perceptibly gained in breadth the past year. I hope you will hear her in Boston this winter.

I think you will admit that I, at least, have not praised her extravagantly. J. C. F.

Schumann on Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

[With Meyerbeer's masterwork so fresh in mind, after last Monday night's performance at the Boston Theatre, it may be interesting to read how it impressed Robert Schumann when he heard it for the first time in Leipzig, in 1837. We borrow Mrs. Ritter's excellent translation.]

I feel to-day like a brave young warrior who draws his sword for the first time in a great cause. As if musical questions should also be settled in our little Leipzig, where universal ones have already been disputed, it happens that the two most powerful compositions of modern days—Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"—have been brought out here together—together for the first time, apparently until now. Where shall we commence the subject, where leave off? There can be no question here of rivalry, of preference, for our readers know well to what aims our pen is devoted; they know too well that when Mendelssohn is the subject there can be no question of Meyerbeer, their paths lie in such diametrical opposition; and, if we would point to the characteristics of one, we have simply to mark those qualities which the other does not possess, always excepting talent, which they possess in common with each other. One is often inclined to grasp one's brow, to feel whether all up there is in the right condition, when one reflects on Meyerbeer's success in healthy, musical Germany; when one hears otherwise worthy people, musicians even, who look, too, on Mendelssohn's quieter victories with pleasure, declaring that there is really some value in his music. Still warm from Schröder-Devrient's lofty portraiture of Fidelio, I went for the first time to hear the "Huguenots." Who does not rejoice in novelty, who does not gladly hope? Had not Riet himself written that many things in the "Huguenots" might be placed beside some by Beethoven, etc.? And what said others, what said I? I agreed at once with Florestan, who, shaking his fist towards the opera, let fall the words: "In 'Il Crociato,' I still counted Meyerbeer among musicians; in 'Robert le Diable,' I began to have my doubts; in 'Les Huguenots,' I place him at once among Franco's circus people." I cannot express the aversion which the whole work inspired in us; we turned away from it—we were weary and inattentive from anger. After frequently hearing it I found much that was excusable, that impressed me more favorably in it; but my final judgment remained the same as at first, and I must shout incessantly to those who place "Les Huguenots" at ever so great a distance beside "Fidelio," or anything of the kind, that they understand nothing about it—nothing, nothing! As for proselytism, I will not hear a word; there would be no end of controversy.

I am no moralist, but it enrages a good Protestant to hear his dearest choral shrieked out on the boards, to see the bloodiest drama in the whole history of his religion degraded to the level of an annual fair farce, in order to raise money and noise with it. Yes, the whole opera, from the overture, with its ridiculously trivial sanctity, enrages him, to the close, after which we should all be burnt alive together as soon as possible.* What is the impression left behind it by "Les Huguenots"? That we have seen criminals executed, and flighty ladies exposed to view. Reflect on the whole, and what does it amount to? In the first act we have an orgy of many men, with—oh, refinement!—only one

* It is only necessary to read the closing lines of the opera:—

"Par le fer et l'incendie
Exterminons la race impie,
Frappons, pour suivons l'hérétique!
Dieu le veut, Dieu veut le sang,
Où, Dieu veut le sang!"

woman, but veiled; in the second, an orgy of bathing women, and, among them, a man scratched up with the nails to please Parisians, with bandaged eyes; in the third, we have a mixture of the licentious and the sanctimonious; slaughter spreads in the fourth, and in the fifth we have carnage in a church. Riot, murder, prayer, and nothing more, does "Les Huguenots" contain; in vain we seek one pure, lasting idea, one spark of Christian feeling in it. Meyerbeer nails a heart on the outside of a skin, and says, "Look! there it is, to be grasped with hands." All is made up, all appearance and hypocrisy. And now to the heroes and heroines—two, Marcel and St. Bris, who do not sink so low as the rest, excepted. There is Nevers, a finished profligate, who loves Valentine, then gives her up, then accepts her as his wife,—Valentine herself, who loves Raoul, marries Nevers, swears she loves him,* and then betrays herself to Raoul. Raoul, who loves Valentine, rejects her, falls in love with the Queen, and finally takes Valentine to wife,—and then the Queen, the queen of all these dolls! And people can be pleased with this, because it looks prettily, and comes from Paris! And respectable German girls do not shut their eyes before it! And the arch-clever one of all composers rubs his hands for joy! An entire book would be insufficient for the discussion of the music; every measure is full of meaning; there is something to be said about everything. "To startle or to tickle," is Meyerbeer's maxim, and he succeeds in it with the rabble. And as for the introduced choral, which sets Frenchmen beside themselves, I declare that if a pupil brought such a lesson in counterpoint to me, I should certainly beg him to do better in the future. How overladen yet empty, how intentional yet superficial! what blacksmith's work, that the mob may not fail to observe it, is this eternal chanting of Marcel's, "A firm fortress!" Then a great deal is said about the dedication of the swords in the fourth act. I acknowledge that it has much dramatic movement, some intelligent, striking turns, and that the chorus especially is of great outward effect; situation, scenery, instrumentation, work together, and as the horrible is Meyerbeer's element, he has written this with warmth. And if we look at the melody from a musical point of view, what is it but a vamped-up Marseillaise? Is there real art in producing an effect with such means at such a passage? I do not blame the use of every means in the right place; but we must not exclaim "Glorious!" when a dozen of drums, trumpets, and ophicleides are heard at a little distance, in unison with a hundred singing men. One Meyerbeerian refinement I must mention here. He knows the public too well not to know that an excess of noise stupefies at last. How cleverly he goes to work then! After such explosions as that mentioned above, he gives us whole arias with the accompaniment of a single instrument, as if he meant to say, "Behold what I can do with but small means! Look, Germans, look!" Some esprit he possesses, we cannot deny: but time will not allow us to go through every detail of Meyerbeer's outward tendency; his extreme non-originality and want of style are as well known as his talent in dramatic treatment, preparation, polish, brilliancy, instrumental cleverness, as well as his very considerable variety in forms. It is easy to point, in Meyerbeer, to Rossini, Mozart, Herold, Weber, Bellini, even Spohr; in short, to the whole musical repertory. But one thing belongs to him alone—that famous, unbearable, bleating rhythm, which appears in almost every theme of the opera. Only envy and hatred can deny that the work contains many better things, many noble, sublime emotions;—thus Marcel's battle-song is effective, the page's song lovely; the most of the third act is interesting through the lively portraiture of its national scenes, the first part of the duet between Valentine and Marcel from its character; so is the sextet interesting; the jesting chorus is in a comic vein; the dedication of the poniards has more than Meyerbeer's usual originality; and above all, the following duet, between Raoul and Valentine, has flow of idea and musical workmanship;—but what is all this compared to the commonness, distortion, unnaturalness, immorality, unmusical character of the whole? Thank heaven, we are at the goal, for nothing worse is to come after this, unless we transform the stage into a scaffold; and in such a case, the last agonized cry of a talent tortured by the spirit of our day will be followed by the immediate hope that matters must now take a turn for the better.

† Words like "Je ris du Dieu de l'univers," etc., are little things in this text.

* "D'aujourd'hui tout mon sang est à vous," etc.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 27, 1877.

First Concerts of the Season.

ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society, for a grand and worthy opening of the musical season, performed the ever popular *Elijah* at the Tabernacle, Oct. 10. The audience was large, yet far from so large as on the two Oratorio occasions in the same place last Spring. Then the novelty of the idea attracted. But two experiences were quite enough; the Tabernacle was not made for Oratorio, nor for any other musical Art purpose. Musical people have had enough of the Tabernacle. The music could be heard there,—better than one might expect,—but not heard as it should be, in a proper music hall. This performance, too, was almost improvised so far as rehearsal was concerned. The choruses have been sung better by the old Society, although none of them went positively badly; and several of the grander ones, notably the "Rain" chorus, were given with precision, spirit, and sublime effect. The orchestra was unusually strong in good string players; but they had not rehearsed at all.

There was a good array of solo artists, among whom Mme. PAPPENHEIM of course was the shining central figure. Her success in the great Soprano arias was even more complete than in the Spring. She had acquired, in the meantime, a more correct appreciation of the true Mendelssohn tempo in certain passages. The second part of "Hear ye, Israel," ("Be not afraid," etc.), was duly quickened, and the whole of that beautiful and noble piece was delivered with the utmost fervor and in the purest, most impressive style. Her large, far-reaching, truly musical and sympathetic voice, so evenly developed, and so freely given forth, was equal to every requirement of the role.

Next in importance stood the *Elijah* of Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, who, it is needless to say, sang and declaimed superbly. In the Tenor solos Mr. Wm. H. FESSENDEN made his first appearance in Oratorio. He is distinguished for the sweetness of his voice, and for the exceeding delicacy, the soft and tender expression with which he modulates it. This served him well in his opening recitative and aria: "If with all your hearts;" but he soon grew husky in grappling with stronger passages like: "Then shall the righteous shine," and his efforts to reach and hold the highest tones were painful. At all events he was not the singer for that great barn of a place; nor is that anything to his discredit.

Miss ANTONIA HENNE was a new appearance here. She has a rich, smooth, even Contralto voice, of good power, and, in itself, of sympathetic quality; but her singing lacked that quality; it seemed timid, cold, constrained, with something of the school girl manner. Yet she has evidently been taught to sing well; she improved as she went on, and "O rest in the Lord" was made quite acceptable.—Some of the minor Soprano melodies were sung in good voice and style by Miss S. C. FISHER. The assistants in the concerted music (quartets and double quartets) were Miss JEN-

NIE M. NOYES, contralto, Mr. N. O. WHITCOMB, tenor, Mr. G. C. WISWELL and Mr. D. M. BACOCK, basses. The phenomenally powerful, but rugged deep bass of the latter was often false in intonation, which did not improve the quartet.

—Tomorrow evening, in the Music Hall, the old Society, with Mme. PAPPENHEIM, Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, Miss HENNE, etc., will give Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer."

CHAMBER CONCERTS. These already have been numerous and various. Two of the most important came at the same hour (Saturday evening, Oct. 13). One was by invitation, given by Mr. Eichberg's Boston Conservatory, at Mechanics' Hall. Its purpose was to introduce to a highly musical company, in the capacity of pianist and singer respectively, two recent valuable accessions to the Conservatory's corps of teachers, and with this programme:—

Sonata Appassionata.....	Beethoven
Song—"Erlkœnig".....	Mr. S. Liebling.
Song—"Erlkœnig".....	Schubert
Mr. Carl Plueger.	
a. Nocturne.....	Chopin
b. Polonaise.....	
c. Valse.....	
Polka.....	Rubinstein
Songs. a. "I will not grieve".....	Schumann
b. "Am Meer".....	Schubert
Sonata, Op. 7.....	Grieg
Allegro-Adagio-Scherzo-Finale.	
Songs. a. "Gute Nacht".....	R. Franz
b. "Now the shades are falling".....	
a. Menuetto.....	Schubert
b. Fairy Dance.....	Liebling
c. Cascade.....	Bendel
d. Rhapsodie, No. 4.....	Liszt

We could only hear the first three numbers of this Soirée, and reach Union Hall in season for the last half of the other. We were somewhat disappointed in Mr. LIEBLING's interpretation of the *Sonata Appassionata* in the respects of deep and delicate poetic feeling, real reproduction of its spirit, fine gradation of light and shade, etc. It was a dashing, brilliant, facile, free and strong performance, but as interpretation rather crude. Mr. Liebling is very young, and for his age his execution is something very remarkable. He seems to be perfectly master of the key-board; his touch is elastic and decided; all his passages, his scales and trills and chords, are exact and clear; and he knows how to bring out the full tone of the instrument. But there was too inflexible a uniformity of strength and loudness, so that instead of the living, breathing, warm and subtle Beethoven, we had a hard, cold, uninspiring copy. Yet there was a straightforward honesty in all his renderings which one can but respect and like; he condescends to no clap-trap, no false artifices of effect. So, with this temper, and with youth upon his side; with so much already gained, with a secure foundation laid in technique, and with the deepening life experience of heart and brain, seldom anticipated except in cases of transcendent genius, his interpretative faculty may yet come to equal the executive. In the three Chopin pieces we found his rendering more satisfactory; but why, except for the mere ambition of mastering gratuitous difficulties, should anybody play that *Valse*, so exquisite in grace, so complete and perfect in the original, with all the thickened harmony, the swift runs in thirds, etc., with which Tausig has freakishly and wilfully invested it? Surely it sounds better just as Chopin felt and made it.

Mr. CARL PLUEGER has a tenor voice of rare volume, power, and sweet, rich, noble timbre, and he knows how to use it. Yet we cannot say, after hearing, that he is just the interpreter we would have chosen for the "Erl-King." There was such overdoing of dramatic individualization and contrast; and, to that end, so much unsteadiness of time and movement, so much holding back and springing forward; in short musical declamation so took precedence of all even flow of melody, that we

could not find ourselves entirely at ease and at home in it. That might do for the "unendliche" melody of Wagner, but not so well for Schubert. It is but just to say, however,—to offset any possible injustice in our hasty criticism,—that both singer and pianist were very heartily applauded by what seemed a cultivated audience.

—Hastening thence to Union Hall, we found the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB,—its first appearance as re-organized,—in the middle of the following fine programme, with an eager crowd of listeners.

1. Quartet in E flat. Op. 12.....Mendelssohn
2. Slumber Song.....Robert Franz
3. Sonata Duo for Violin and Piano, in F. Op. 24, Beethoven
4. Serenade in D. Op. 9. (For String Orchestra.) Fuchs
 1. Andante.
 2. Tempo di menuetto.
 3. Allegro Scherzando.
 4. Adagio con molto espressione.
5. Song. "The Sands of Dee.".....F. Clay
6. Ninth Quartet, in C. Op. 69.....Beethoven

The genial, delightful old Sonata Duo in F,—what we heard of it—was finely played. Mr. GUSTAV DANNREUTHER, the new second violinist of the Club, appeared to excellent advantage, having a rich, full, sympathetic tone, a sound technique, and a tasteful, artist-like, intelligent conception. The Serenade by Fuchs, the novel feature of the programme, was full of life and charm, with a certain fresh vein of originality in the first three short and unpretending movements, especially the *Scherzando*. But the fourth (*Adagio*), with its vagueness and its over-muchness of expression, or of striving for expression, without exactly seeming decided what to express, was too much in the *Tristan and Isolde* vein, and ended the whole Suite very unsatisfactorily. But it was admirably played, and proved that the Club, i.e., its string department, is now composed of finer material on the whole than ever before. Mr. JACOBSON, for several years the accomplished "Vorgeiger" of the Thomas orchestra, makes an admirable leader, the firm, exacting, critical master of them all, as well as of his own instrument, on which he is so eminent. Mr. Dannreuther forms a very vital member in the polyphonic harmony; Mr. HENRIC has not his superior in this country, we presume, as violoncellist; and these, with the experienced RYAN (the one remaining original member of the Club) and the two brothers HEINDEL (violas and double bass), were fully competent to the effective rendering of such a composition. Still more apparent was the improved morale and temper of the Club in the performance of the noblest feature of the programme, that Rasmoukski Quartet of Beethoven. Never before has that extremely difficult, elaborate and subtle composition, "of imagination all compact," been made so clear and satisfactory in performance here. Passages that always seemed obscure before, now for the first time yielded up their secret; the outline, the intention, the individual movement of the voices, and the harmonious result, were all distinct and positive. With a longer habit of playing together they will acquire still finer finish, and a still more expressive light and shade. Truly the old Quintette Club, in this its 28th year, is to be congratulated; and Boston too might be congratulated on having at last that rare gem of musical organizations,—a true Quartet of Strings,—were it not alas! that Boston cannot keep her own at home; they spend the winter travelling in distant States, playing popular programmes to ears unclassical; and can it be without some demoralization of their high toned oneness of artistic spirit that they will come bringing home their laurels?—Miss LEWIS has a full, clear, sympathetic voice, and many of the best

qualifications for good ballad singing, and she sang "O Mary, call the cattle home" with unaffected pathos. Mr. Clay's setting of the words is interesting, although we thought it too elaborate. For an encore the lady sang a simple, truly ballad-like melody by Taubert, which met with a sincere response.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The public sale of season tickets for the Ten Symphony Concerts will commence on Monday morning (29th) at the Music Hall. The programme of the first concert (Nov. 8) will include the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the Overture to *Eury Blas*, by Mendelssohn; the Concert Overture in A, by Julius Rietz (in memory of the recently deceased composer); a Soprano Aria and songs by Mrs. EDMUND DEXTER, of Cincinnati (her first appearance in this city); and Schubert's "Reiter-Marsch," as orchestrated by Liszt (first time in Boston.) Mrs. Dexter is an English lady, with a large and noble voice, who has been the pupil of Garcia and of Schira in London. Heretofore she has sung only for charities and festivals in the West, and with signal success. She is now prepared to commence a professional career in our Eastern cities, being at home particularly in Oratorio music.

By some strange miscalculation of space, several notices of concerts, operas, etc., already prepared, must lie over to our next number.

Therese Tietjens

Madame Rudersdorff, whose warm friendship for the lamented artist was very manifest during the latter's short stay in this city, sends to last Tuesday's *Advertiser*, (Oct. 2), the following pathetic tribute to her memory.

Henceforth but a remembrance, a joy that was, and is no more to be! Yet in every respect she was precisely the one who could the least be spared, who was among us the most necessary to our art, to benevolence and love. But, alas! all that is left us is to speed after her into the mysteries of eternity, to which she has departed, our faithful admiration, affection and unavailing regrets.

Therese Tietjens leaves an empty throne! For years she has reigned the unrivalled and uncontested empress in the realm of dramatic art in opera. Her superb, glorious voice, deep-toned and full-mouthed like a cathedral bell, yet sweet and searching like a nightingale's long-drawn notes, her perfect enunciation, her commanding noble stature, her elegant, statuesque movements, her mobile, working features, her impassioned delivery, united to the dignified repose of Greek art, moulded her into what she was, the greatest living dramatic singer! Her mantle lies on the throne she has vacated,—we know of no neophyte as yet worthy to aspire to it. On her grave we plant the laurel, whose unfading leaves weaved the crown that graced her brow so well and long.

Her benevolence was as great as her genius! Did Therese Tietjens ever refuse to help the needy? Were ear and hand ever closed to those who laid their troubles before her? And how many of her colleagues has she not helped and established in the domain of art! Jealousy was to her but a word, its meaning was foreign to her noble soul. She admired and praised her sister artists honestly, enthusiastically, and more than once have I myself heard her express her delight at the success of a new singer and urge her impresario to promote the new talent. She walked in the dignity of her own worth, ever ready generously to acknowledge that of others. Intrigues and caprices were totally unknown to her. She was simple and unpretending like a child. She did her duty to her art to her very utmost; nay, indeed, often beyond. Trickery she abhorred; there was no tinsel on her crown, it was of pure gold, like her generosity, which was open to all and always! There will be hundreds in whose lives and whose departure will cause a desolate and distressing void. What can they do but plant on the mound which hides the remains of a noble soul the beneficent lavender as a token of grateful memory!

But her family! From them everything is taken, for indeed, really and truly, Therese Tietjens was the most loving and beloved of women in her home! To her family she was all in all; their founder, supporter, counselor, friend, director! The sustaining pillar that held them together in unbounded love and devotion. She never married, refusing many brilliant offers, because her family, above all her mother and her sister Augusta Krul's children, and again theirs, had grown into her heart of hearts and reigned there, paramount sovereigns of all her undivided, unvarying affections. To love, live and work for them was Therese Tietjens's home life. Her art and her family blended into one focus, in which she dwelt contented, happy, never looking beyond, never wishing for aught else, but giving herself all and entirely up to them! They will plant roses of

love on the sod that covers a great heart, but in their own hearts will remain the rose's thorn of undying regret!

It is not often that so many noble qualities are united in one woman, and, I am bound to add, in a lyric artiste particularly. When it is so, then her departure from our midst ought to call for more than a passing remark. That is why I would say these words and specially direct them to the many young girls who aspire to honor and rank in art. I would like them to look upon *THESE TERTIENS* as a model to copy in every way; as a memory to reverence, cherish and imitate, so that her lovely life may leave a lasting monument in the lives of aspirants to do as she did, in the realms of highest lyric art, benevolence and love!

This is the fervent wish, for the good of art and artistes, of

Her sorrowing sister artiste and friend,
ERMINIA RUDERSDOFF.

—Lakeside, Oct. 4, 1877.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Few Words about Technica.

Considering the multitudes all over our land who are earnestly endeavoring to master the pianoforte, it would seem that a few fundamental principles of technics ought to be the property of everybody; that the things which are absolutely essential and without which no one ever did or ever can become a good player, ought to be commonly known and taught; yet there is no doubt of the fact, as any one must admit who is competent to judge, that the number of conscientious, painstaking teachers who, having been taught, are able in turn to teach others the different kinds of touch, with that faultlessness which is essential to subsequent success, is small indeed; almost infinitesimally small as compared to the whole number of those who profess to teach, or to "give a few lessons."

In some of the best piano methods the pupil is told with sufficient clearness, often with the aid of cuts, how the hand is to be placed, and an attempt is made to describe the action of the fingers in executing the legato touch, but of course it is just here if anywhere that the directions fail. Pupils sometimes come to me, who in spite of these directions and the best instruction they have been able to obtain, have acquired a finger touch which is best characterized by the term *spring halt*. It is the result of failing to connect the act of raising the finger with the act of striking proper. The fault may be corrected by practicing the slow trill with four counts to each note and taking care to connect the upward and downward motions, so that they shall seem to be continuous. Many piano books contain no hint of the danger of raising the finger too soon, and forget to state that the finger should lie passive, just touching the key until the time actually arrives or is arriving for the blow to be struck. Spring halt of the wrist is very common indeed. Pupils who have not been carefully taught, never lift the hand from the keys before, but after striking, or rather after pushing down the keys with the arm. Rule: Let the hand rise and fall by one seemingly continuous movement, without moving the finger-joints, or stirring the arm. The foregoing rule, if observed, will prevent another common fault, a kind of grimace or writhing of the hand occasioned by lifting the fingers simultaneously with the upward motion of the entire hand.

The staccato executed by beginners, and those who have not been carefully taught, is usually a *third variety of spring halt*, more difficult to correct than either of the kinds before described. It is to be hoped that before very long some convention of musical pedagogues will be moved to take in hand this whole subject, including staccato, demi-staccato, and slurred staccato, as severally applied to slow, medium and rapid passages of single notes and chords, and lay down a few cardinal principles for the guidance of all who are required to teach this branch of technics.

—Ripon College, Sept. 29, 1877.

L. F. B.

THOMAS AND HIS ORCHESTRAS.—Precisely what Mr. Theodore Thomas has been about these two years, and particularly this fall, must be something of a puzzle to the mere reader of papers. Ever since he came back to New York from Philadelphia, in a glow of indignation and amid the sympathies of the entire musical public, he has had no definite plan or abode. In Chicago he has proclaimed his ecstatic pleasure with the musical public of that city, which he averred supported him so much better than eastern cities, at the same time that he was telling Mrs. Rivé-King that her piano-playing was the salvation of his season there. He has sneered at the country, which always gives him immense audien-

ces, and depreciated Boston, in spite of its warmest adulation. Now he is in New York, which is the only place for a great orchestra in this country, and conductor, not only of the Thomas orchestra, but of the old Philharmonic society, which, to secure his leadership, discarded a very good conductor, Dr. Leopold Damrosch. It was announced with the customary flourish that Mr. Thomas would proceed to get up such a winter programme of music as New York had never heard; that his own orchestra would be remodelled and the best members of the Philharmonic substituted for its poor material, while the best of his orchestra would be incorporated into the Philharmonic in lieu of its incapables. This looked on the face of it like making one orchestra out of two, but we have been constantly assured that the concerts of the two bodies would be absolutely distinct, not covering the same ground, and yet both first-class. Precluded from supposing that the Thomas orchestra would play only Beethoven, Wagner, Mozart and Mendelssohn, and the Philharmonic only Gottschalk, Offenbach, Strauss and Leybach, any person considering all these statements might be excused for feeling puzzled. But the matter is after all simple enough. Mr. Thomas's service to the cause of music in America can hardly be overrated, nor his great genius as a conductor; but it is no secret that he is disliked by every musician who has served under his autocratic baton, and that his orchestra has been made over repeatedly since he first organized it, so that probably not one of its present members has been with him for the past five years, say. That an orchestral leader should and must be an autocrat is plain, but a different man might be that, and yet remain popular. Now the most of Mr. Thomas's leading performers of last year have left him, and he has made up one orchestra from the ruins of two. Mr. Jacobsohn, the first violin, and Mr. Lockwood, the harpist, are hardly "discarded" because of lack of ability. The new orchestra may be a very good one, but the fable of its dual existence, as the original Thomas and the old Philharmonic, is too attenuated.—*Springfield Republican*.

LEIPZIG. The celebrated *Thomaschule* is about to be moved from its old site to a new one, in the modern part of the town. This school, assuredly the most ancient in existence, was connected, down to the Reformation with the Augustine Monastery, founded in 1222. We do not know the names of all its "Cantors," or choir-directors. We possess a continuous list of them only from 1531. Among the number we may mention Sethus Calvisius, 1594-1615; Johann Schelle, 1677-1701; Johann Kuhnau, 1701-1722, who settled the musical service of the Church as it exists at the present day; Johann Sebastian Bach, his illustrious successor, 1723-1750; Johann Friedrich Doles, 1789-1800; and Moritz Hauptmann, 1842-1867. The present Cantor is Ernst Friedrich Richter, who succeeded Hauptmann. The Cantor's duties are, and always have been, to drill the "*Thomaner*," or "*Thomasians*," in the sacred music, which, with the accompaniment of the Town Band, they have to sing alternately on Sundays at St. Thomas's and St. Nicholas's, the two principal churches in Leipzig. Their choir consists of sixty members, divided into four groups, directed by the same number of *Præfeti*. Two of the groups sing at St. Peter's and at the New Church; the first, which is also the best and the most numerous, is reserved for the two principal churches, and is under the immediate direction of the Cantor himself. The four groups combine to execute motets every Saturday afternoon in St. Thomas's, conformably to an extremely ancient custom. The choir of *Thomanians* frequently take part in the *Gewandhaus Concerts*.

HAMBURG. The event of importance in the musical circle here is to be the second centenary jubilee of the Town Theatre. On the 2d January, 1878, it will be two hundred years since the first opera in Germany was performed. The theatre was begun in 1676 and finished in 1677. First adopted for plays and dramas, it was afterwards devoted to opera. The first opera given was "*Adam and Eve*," libretto by Richer, music by Franz Seil. This was followed by "*The Devil is Loose*," which some believe to have been its precursor: to one of the two, at any rate, the distinction of being the first German opera ever played at this theatre is due. The coming festival on the 2d of January will be one of peculiar attraction, and, if the score exists, to compare the past with the present, "*The Devil is Loose*" with "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Russian Love Song. D minor. 3. b to a. 40

"O! my loving mother, whom I have held so dear!"

Shows the way they make love in Russia. Minor, but quaintly musical.

Ave Maria. Eb. 4. E to G. Curto. 35

"Behold how he loved him."

The Latin words are a hymn to the Virgin. The English words, however, tell the story of Mary and Lazarus. Graceful melody.

Unrest. Song for Contralto or Baritone. A. 3. c to D. 30

"Let my soul cry not, Unrest! Unrest!"

An Unrestful kind of music fitting the sad words.

Our Mother's Way. Song and Cho. G. 3. b to D. 35

"Oft within our little cottage At the closing of the day"

Very beautiful words to sweet music.

Broadway Promenade. S'g and Dance. Bb. 3. d to F. 30

Very bright music, and words better than the usual "minstrel" standard.

Les Petits Oiseaux. (Little Birds.) Eb. 4. E to G. 35

"Here all is tranquil, sweet repose"

"Ni le mechant, ni l'oiseleur."

On the Wings of Aurora. Solo and Quartet. Bb. 3. F to F. 30

"The morning is breaking The night shadows flee."

A good wholesome song, with the breath of the morning in it.

Here 'neath the Moon's soft Ray. (L'hevie attendue.) F. 4. d to F. 40

"Sous ces rayons d'argent"

"Here, 'neath the moon's soft ray."

A French-English song, but in good Italian style.

Through the Beautiful Gates of Pearl. S'g and Cho. Ab. 3. E to E. 30

"They will welcome your little girl To dwell in the heavenly fold."

One more of the Beautiful Gate songs. Always welcome.

Instrumental.

Acme March. C. 3. Vane. 30

A march by name, but a quickstep by motion, and a good one.

Yazoo Polka. C. 3. Williams. 30

Should be a favorite in Yazoo city (from which it is named) and will please every where.

Deuxieme Tarentelle. C. 5. Sherwood. 75

Lightness and rapidity constitute the grace of a tarentelle, and both are found here.

Merry Days of Youth. 6 Melodious Pieces. G. J. Low. each 30

No. 1. Morning in the Woods. (Morgens in Walde.) C. 3.

No. 2. The Water Lily. (Stille Wasserrose.) A. 3.

No. 3. Return to Fatherland. (Heimkehr.) G. 3.

No. 4. Favorite Flower. (Blumlein trout.) D. 3.

No. 5. The Rosy Dawn.

No. 6. In the Oak Woods. (Im Eichenwaldchen.) Bb. 3.

Gay Tone Pictures. 6 Melodious Pieces, by J. Low. Each, 30

No. 1. Switzer's Dream of Home. (Schweitzers Heimweh.) Eb. 3.

No. 2. Chatterbox. (Kleine Schwazerin.) A. 3.

No. 3. In the Shady Wood. (Im Erlenwaldchen.) F. 3.

No. 4. Fleeting Thoughts. (Fluchtige Gedanke.) A minor. 3.

No. 5. Rose of the Alps. (Alpenroschen.) Eb. 3.

No. 6. Among the Flowers. (In Bluthenduft.) Ab. 3.

The above two sets, (12 pieces) are alike in the rich and meaningful character of the music, and are good things to have and to play. They are rather difficult for the 3d degree.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

